



Innis Herald

Vol. XVI No. 1

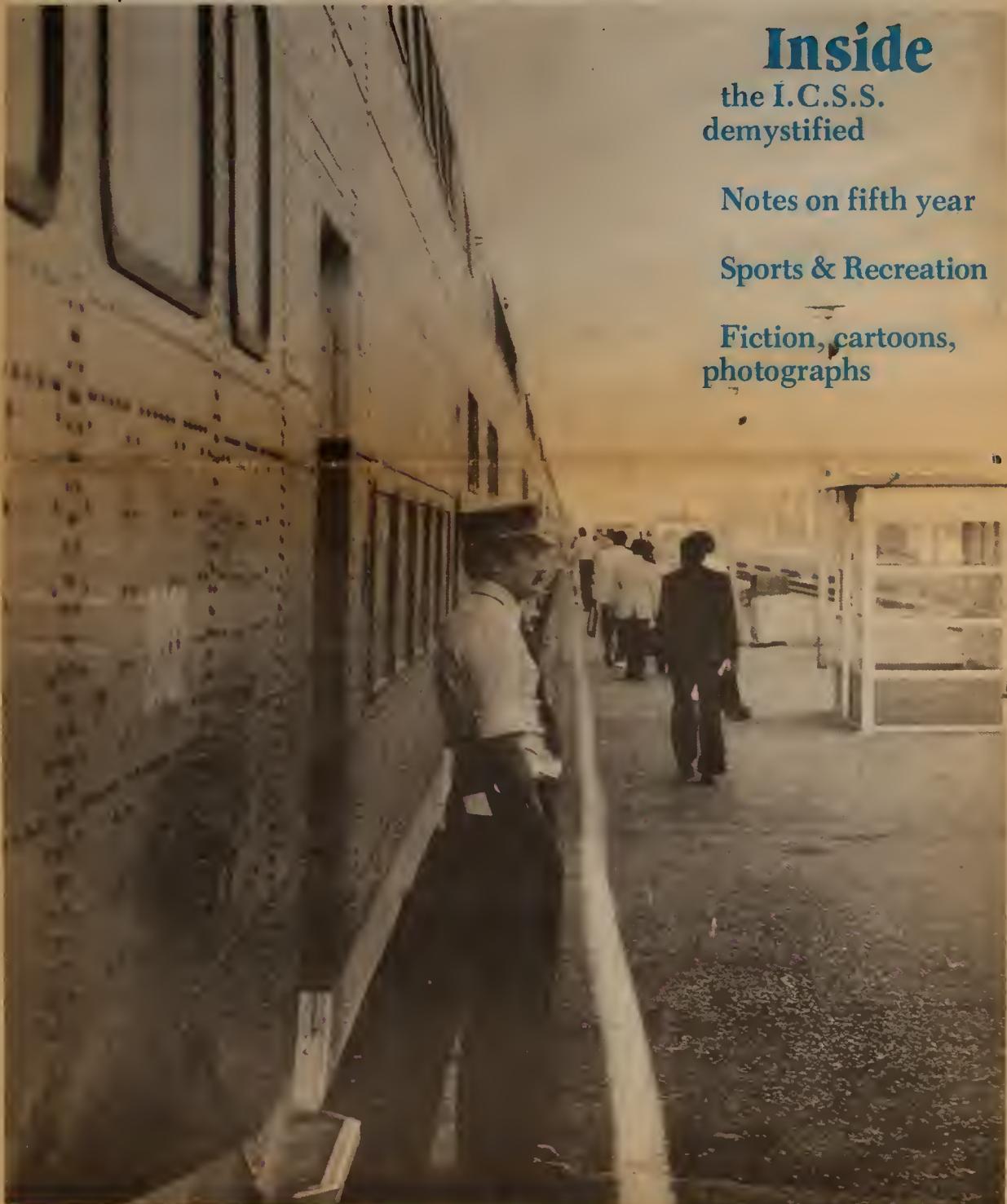
Sept. 1982

Inside
the I.C.S.S.
demystified

Notes on fifth year

Sports & Recreation

Fiction, cartoons,
photographs



September at Innis

Tuesday, 14th: Music Night, 8 p.m. Town Hall. Free.

Thursday, 16th: Movie Night, 8 p.m. Town Hall. Admission \$1.

Saturday, 18th: Party, 8:30 p.m. Pub. Admission \$1 (includes one free drink). A.T.L. cards required.

Saturday, 25th: U. of T. Homecoming Game and Parade. Those interested in helping out on the Innis float please

phone Tim Cholvat, 482-0959.

Also on the 25th: Innis Fall Fair and Homecoming Party. See ad below.

COMING UP: Farm Weekend, Oct. 8-11. Phone John Pastor, 241-0625, for more info.

SPORTS STARTING THIS MONTH: Men's soccer, touch football, tackle football; Women's soccer.

How to solve world problems:



HAVE EVERYONE IN SOUTH AFRICA WEAR DARK SUNGLASSES

Ecrivez en Français

How to solve world problems:



GIVE SPAIN TO THE PALESTINIAN'S, GIVE BRAZIL TO THE SPANISH, GIVE ENGLAND TO THE BRAZILIANS, GIVE GREEN LAND TO THE BRITISH, GIVE ...

INNIS
COLLEGE



photo by Mike Swan

And now, a message from the principal ...

by Dennis Duffy

Welcome!

On behalf of the staff at Innis College, let me welcome back our returning students and our new ones as well. Our strength as a college lies not in our inadequate facilities, but in our respect for each other. I hope that you will wish to become involved in College life and in our participatory system of government. Welcome to the new academic year; may the crises and struggles it will bring be accompanied by some good times too. I look forward to working with you.

Innis at Home: Fall Fair and Homecoming Party

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1982
3:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.

"Innis At Home" Day on Saturday, September 25, is a joint effort of the students, staff, faculty and alumni. Come and join us for the best-ever party, and sale on the INNIS COLLEGE GREEN. All proceeds in aid of the KITCHEN SINK FUND.

INNISFARE

Events will include:

3 - 6 p.m. Fine Arts & Crafts displays & sale; Rummage, Books and Baked Goods Tables; Live entertainment for adults & children (special children's screenings and additional activities in the College)

4:30 p.m. Unveiling of the Andre Fauteux Sculpture on the Innis College Green

6 p.m. Barbecue: Hamburgers, Hot-dogs, salad, Cash Bar and soft drinks

7 p.m. Continuous screenings in Town Hall (Family Films)

9 - 1 a.m. Homecoming Dance

Door Prizes

Admission Free





INNIS COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



The Innis Herald is published monthly by the Innis College Student Society and printed at Weller Publishing Company, Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, The Innis Herald, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5S 1J5

"In stating as fully as I could how things really were, it was often very difficult and I wrote awkwardly and the awkwardness is what they called my style. All mistakes and awkwardness are easy to see, and they called it style."

- Ernest Hemingway

Editorial

Innis is for Everyone

Can you remember why you ended up at Innis College? Was it because you couldn't get into Trinity? Was it because of its friendly staff and small size? Was it for the more innovative programs like Film Studies or Environmental Studies? Was it because of the Pub?

There is a lot more to be said for Innis College. Unfortunately, in the next couple of weeks we will all be bombarded with more information on all aspects of university life than we can possibly use or even assimilate. And not just first-years, either.

You may be aware of this now. It is useful to remember when you get the strong urge to drop all your courses and go to work in a factory (this feeling is especially prevalent in February). The truth is, there's a lot here that you're probably not aware of. And amongst all the clubs, organizations, teams, etc., there is probably one that could help you through your crisis of faith by giving you a place to use your intelligence in an un-academic way; to be creative. In other words, to nurture that part of you that is crying

out for a self-expression that is not based on marks.

Working within or for these organizations is sometimes "valuable work experience." Sometimes it's just a good time. (Sometimes it's not.) Presumably, we all know that there is much learning to be done outside of the classroom (in my first year I heard the expression "don't let university get in the way of your education" so many times I thought I was going to scream.) The point is, that there are countless resources at U. of T., academic and otherwise, and the most valuable knowledge you can acquire is how to use them to best benefit yourself.

Which brings me back to Innis College. There's a lot going on right here. There are parties and sports and student government and movies and concerts and lectures... And more (including, of course, the *Herald*). You're not expected to be involved with everything, or even most things if you don't care to. But keep your eyes open. This is your community — enjoy it.

the Herald

Tim Cholvat	Danielle Savage
Dennis Duffy	Adam Socha
Douglas Fez	Chris Sankey
Svet Liloja	Mike Swann
Roddy MacDonald	Adam Vaughan
Katie Russell	Chris Wilson

cover photo by Douglas Faz

Listen: There is an Innis Herald mailbox in the G.C.S.S. office, which is just next to the St. George St. entrance. Furthermore, you can walk right over to Room 305 of the college (above the Pub) and talk to us or leave a message. So what, exactly, are you waiting for?

HOW TO SOLVE WORLD PROBLEMS:



Notice to all Innis Alumni

This issue of the INNIS HERALD (first of 1982-83) is being sent to all Innis alumni who have valid addresses in the Metro-wide area because it announces and describes the FALL FAIR AND HOMECOMING on 25 SEPTEMBER, 1982. We hope that all Alumni, especially those who graduated in the honour years (1967, 1972, 1977), will consider joining the fun.

THE INNIS HERALD IS A GOOD WAY TO KEEP IN TOUCH. It is published throughout the academic year, and offers an overview of what goes on about the place and where it is all heading.

drawings by Katie Russell

If you are interested in receiving the INNIS HERALD on a regular basis (free of charge, of course), please detach, complete and mail the form below to:

Assistant to the Principal, Innis College
2 Sussex Ave., University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario M5S 1J5

Name (including former) _____

Student No. (if known) _____

Address: _____

Year of Graduation _____

Degree _____



What Is This I.C.S.S.??

Glad You Asked ...

by Tim Cholvat

One question that I have heard from several students is what is the I.C.S.S. and how is it structured? Well, the first part of the question is fairly easy to answer. The I.C.S.S. is the Innis College Student Society. Every student who pays his/her Student Society fee of \$18.00 is a member. The Arts and Science students pay this fee through incidentals included in the tuition payment. The other members, those from the professional faculties who have chosen to affiliate themselves with the college, pay their membership fees directly to the college. Therefore all students who are members of the college are members of the I.C.S.S.

Confusion is often caused when students first try to differentiate between the I.C.S.S. and its executive. The executive is simply a board of representatives, elected by the general membership, to be in charge of one of eight different commissions. These commissions include Men's Athletics, Women's Athletics, Co-ed Athletics, Communications, Clubs, the Farm, Education, and Social. In addition to these commissions, there are two vice presidents, one treasurer and a president. The general elections for these positions are held in early April with by-elections throughout the year for vacant positions.

In order to completely explain what the I.C.S.S. offers its members I should first explain the responsibilities and services that each of the commissions provide. Men's Athletics, which should be fairly obvious, deals with the men's sports teams that Innis enters in the Intramural program. For those who are interested, these sports include teams for tackle football (starting September), touch football (October), soccer (September), basketball (November), volleyball (November), waterpolo (January), squash (January), hockey (November), and others. In addition to these team sports there are also tournaments held for swimming and diving, tennis, table tennis, skiing and track and field. For more information about these events (or ones I have forgotten) contact the Men's Athletic rep. To get back on the track, the Men's rep is also a member of the U. of T. Men's Intramural Committee where all local rules for each sports, game appeals and limited administrative details are dealt with.

The Men's rep must either manage every team himself or find a manager for each team (the more desirable choice, usually). Being a manager requires only an interest in the sport and very few hours of commitment; if you would like more information please contact the Men's Athletic rep.

The Women's Athletic rep, once again it should be obvious, is responsible for all the women's teams entered in the Intramural program. These are teams entered each year in soccer (September), flag football (September), basketball (October), volleyball (January), field hockey (September), ice hockey (November),

and squash (November). There are also teams entered for tournaments in tennis, swimming and diving, skiing and track and field. The Women's rep is also a member of the U. of T. Women's Intramural Committee, which has duties similar to that of the Men's. In addition to these responsibilities, she/he must also find a manager for each team throughout the year. If you are interested in playing any of these sports or managing a team please contact the Women's Athletic Rep.

The last athletic commission is responsible for all co-ed sports in the Intramural program (incidentally, the University of Toronto has the largest co-ed program in Canada and one of the largest in North America). Just as Men's and Women's reps are responsible for their sports, the co-ed rep enters teams in basketball, volleyball, inner-tube water polo, and broomball, plus the tournaments for badminton, tennis, baseball and a superstars competition. All of the co-ed sports are meant to be held for the sake of participation and very little competition is encouraged (in fact, in some sports such as basketball and volleyball there are no referees to keep score or call the plays). There is also a co-ed Intramural Committee that this rep is a member of which handles all concerns pertaining to the co-ed athletic program. The starting dates for these sports vary, so please contact the co-ed athletic rep for more information.

The Education Commission is one of the least understood commissions, yet the one with the most development potential. The reason for this lack of understanding is that the commissions has such wide and unstructured scope. The Education commissioner is in charge of all educational events held by the I.C.S.S. In the past these events have included talks on China and Australia, poetry readings, and documentary films. This year's planned events include supplementing lectures in math, physics, chemistry and other subjects for first-years, plus interest lectures in topics ranging from economics to English literature to computers. There is also a chance of a career day/night and a movie series. As is evident by the above list the Education rep is kept busy and if you are interested in attending any of these events watch the bulletin boards for announcements. As is evident by the above list the Education rep is kept busy and if you are interested in attending any of these events watch the bulletin boards for announcements. As a small note, because of the wide scope of the Education commissioner, the commission is always looking for ideas and if you are interested in getting involved in any of these events or simply have ideas for others please contact this year's Education commissioner, Brett MacMillan, by dropping a note in his mailbox in the I.C.S.S. office.

The Clubs Commission is another one with a great deal of potential, since this commission has only been in existence for 3 years. In the past, clubs have been formed for bridge, drama, and curling. Club ideas for this year include such bizarre suggestions as a Bruce Springsteen fan club (very few members), or a brothel-on-the-deck club (possibly too many members) but more serious ideas are: a Music club, Dungeons and Dragons club, and a Photography club. As mentioned previously, there are still many more clubs that can and should be formed but the clubs rep can hardly think of them all. So if you have an interest that you would like to see turned into a club, drop a note in the clubs rep mailbox.

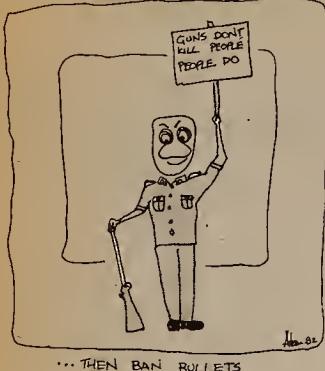
The Farm Commission is at the other end of the scale from the previous two as far as scope is concerned. The Farm rep has the tough job of organizing Farm weekends at Innisfree Farm (near Brantford) and making sure the place is not torn apart during the weekend and is left in the same condition that it started in. This job is sometimes tougher considering the general lack of enthusiasm to clean up a Sunday morning after a heavy night of partying. If you are interested in the times of Farm weekends watch the bulletin boards where sign-up sheets will be posted.

The Social representative is in charge of all the social events sponsored by the I.C.S.S. These duties include the organization, running and cleaning up of all the parties plus Movie Nights and other events such as Casino Night. This year our Social rep, Marissa O'Donahue, plans to organize a coffee house every couple of weeks plus a Mexican night and a Bad-Taste party. Lots of help is needed in this area for bartenders, organizers, bouncers and clean-up crew and I am sure that Marissa would greatly appreciate any help. Just as the Clubs rep needs suggestions, the Social rep would also welcome ideas for parties or similar events.

The last commission to be discussed is that of Communications. The Communications commissioner is in charge of posting the announcements for events sponsored by the I.C.S.S. as well as putting out the Newsletter. The Communications commissioner deals with everyone on the executive and is a strong influence in making a good or bad year for the I.C.S.S. depending on how well he/she advertises the various events.

Besides the services staged by the various commissions, the I.C.S.S. also offers other events. These include our 'annual' talent nights (thanks to Elaine Bauer staging last year's first talent night), the Innis formal (held March 12 this year), Homecoming float-building and the Nummies game (in which a bunch of untalented young male budding ice hockey superstars take on the ever-mean-and-nasty women's ice-hockey team).

HOW TO SOLVE WORLD PROBLEMS:



cartoon by Adam Vaughan

HOW TO
SOLVE WORLD PROBLEMS:

COUNT THEM

HOW TO SOLVE WORLD PROBLEMS:



TELL THE IRISH THAT EVERYDAY IS SUNDAY SO THEY SPEND ALL THEIR TIME IN CHURCH INSTEAD OF KILLING

As mentioned in my opening paragraph, there are also positions that are uncommissioned. The vice-president of Services is in charge of the events and services operated by the I.C.S.S. and oversees all of the commissioners and reps. The vice-president Government is in charge of all I.C.S.S. concerns pertaining to political affairs inside and outside the student society. The responsibility of the Treasurer is to manage the financial matters within the I.C.S.S. The president's role is to simply make certain that all commissions run smoothly and to act as an external representative for the student society.

There are a number of other positions connected with the Student Society yet not directly part of it. One of these positions is that of the editor of the Innis Herald. The Herald editor is chosen from applications submitted to the vice-president services around early April. The job of the Herald editor is to put out the college newspaper. This position needs a great deal of assistance from writers, cartoonists, photographers, and general helper to put the newspaper together. This year's editor, Danielle Savage, will be more than pleased to accept any help, so plan on trying to write at least one article this year. The editor's office is in Room 305 of the old house or you can leave her your article or pictures in the mailbox in the I.C.S.S. office. (Thanks, Tim. -Ed.)

The last related positions are those of college council reps. Since our college council works on a parity system (one-half students, one-half staff), there are sixteen students representatives elected to serve a full year on the college council. These reps are responsible to the Vice-President Government as well as the rest of the student body. For more information about these positions (elections for 8 of these reps in early October) contact Bruno Iurello, our V.P. Government.

To tie it all together, mechanisms of decision-making and policy construction within the I.C.S.S. should be explained. There are two different committees, of which each Innis student is a member, namely Student Services and Student Government. The Student Services meetings are chaired by the V.P. Services, Chris Wilson, and deal with all matters to do with I.C.S.S. services.

This committee approves such things as donations, services policy and large expenditures. The Student Government Committee, chaired by the V.P. Government, deals with political matters within the I.C.S.S., College Council and around the university. These committees are open to attendance by the I.C.S.S. member and meetings will be held on alternate weeks. It is advisable to attend these one-hour meetings once in a while to see how your money is being spent.

We need your help and ideas to make the I.C.S.S. run smoothly to the satisfaction of all its members. Don't hesitate to contact me, Tim Cholvat, president this year, or any executive member if you have any questions, ideas or time to donate to the I.C.S.S.

Athletics at Innis

by Chris Wilson
Women's Athletic Rep. '81-'82

Despite its small size, Innis has in the past managed to put up some excellent performances in Intramural Sports. Last year's teams giving the competition a run for its money were Men's Waterpolo, Hockey, and Touch Football, and Women's Basketball and Squash (our one championship in the '81-'82 season). Innis also fielded teams in Women's Soccer, Badminton, Tennis, Hockey and Volleyball, as well as Men's Soccer, Volleyball, Basketball and Squash. Coed Volleyball was also a big favourite.

I urge anyone who is interested in any sport to sign up on the bulletin board near the St. George St. entrance during registration. People of all skill levels are

welcome. Don't worry if you're a beginner, there's always someone who knows at least a bit more than you do who will be willing to help you along. And there's always the annual Athletic Banquet to look forward to in the spring.

Athletics is facing a difficult problem this year, however: we have neither a Men's nor a Women's Athletic Representative yet. Anyone interested in running for either of these positions in the fall by-elections can contact me for more information in the I.C.S.S. office (room 116). And any help you'd like to offer during September until we get our new reps (i.e., managing teams, phoning, etc) would be much appreciated.



photo by Adam Socha

Fog at the End of the Tunnel

By Roddy Macdonald

Every kid dreams of running away to the circus. Every September I think that dream has come true — at U. of T. Here there are more than just three rings and you can be in all of them at the same time. Registration is the start to it all and, like raising the Big Top, it's no mean feat. It's full of chaos and confusion for the kid who's just left home to join the show. For those of us who've been here a while, there is order evident behind the chaos — or at least the chaos is in a recognizable, if not always meaningful, form. At the circus the old hands raise the tent, feed the animals and prepare the trapeze all at once. It's a lot of work, but they seem to know what they're doing. Innis has more than its share of experienced people to guide the newcomer. The young kid just arrived is welcome to join the troupe, but only if he's willing to work for his supper. One way or another, the tent is raised up and all is made ready to start the show; everyone gets through registration, it just takes a little patience.

Like all good circuses, U. of T. offers a vast array of high-quality attractions. There is something for everyone and more. No simple three ring circus, U. of T. has almost everything you might want, scholastically or otherwise. Choice is limited only by the number of hours in a day and the number of days in a week. Choosing which circus rings, or which combination of rings, to sample is one of the greatest challenges. It requires some thought, some work and some luck. Each ring offers something new and exciting, each opens doors into your future, each has its own rewards. U. of T. offers courses in just about every legitimate field of study and then some. Athletic, artistic, adventurous or even absurd pursuits are available to any student who seeks them out.

Like the kid who joins the circus, the newcomer to university soon finds that it can be a lot of work, too. It requires dedication

to attain lofty goals. While exploring all that U. of T. has to offer, one must have a steady eye on the future — on graduation. Graduation is the light at the end of the tunnel for almost all students. It is a far-off goal for first year students and an ever-nearing deadline for older ones. The journey from first year to the end of the tunnel may be long or short, hectic or dull, depending on the choices we make while at the university. The light toward which we move illuminates the clear and simple path to be followed after graduation. All the hurdles are supposed to come between the first year and graduation; after that it's a straight run. At least that's the theory.

Those of us in our final years (after all, one's fifth year ought to be one's final year!) can look back down the path we have taken: the unopened doors, the dead ends, the alternate paths attempted and then abandoned, the circuitous paths which double back on themselves, the short cuts — and what we missed, or gained, by taking them. Satisfied that we have travelled the best route, or frustrated at missed opportunities, we must look toward that light at the end of the tunnel — much nearer now than it was before. That light is our goal. It is the start of the next stage in our lives: life in the "outside" world as a university graduate.

On closer inspection, the light at the end of the tunnel is not the well-focussed, positive, clearly defined source that it seemed to me to be in earlier years. It is still bright — frighteningly so — but it is dissipated, vague and unclear. Now it appears to me much like a light seen through a thick fog. As I look back over my years here, I see that the route which I have taken is leading me not to a chosen career path, but to a world of uncertainty, a world of yet more choices. As a first-year student my goals were to complete my degree, meet people and "expand my horizons", whatever that entailed. The question of what I would do after university was one which would sort itself out as time went by. Well, time has

gone by. The question is not only still unanswered, but it is becoming more and more important to me.

The fog at the end of the tunnel is common to many graduating students. Earning a university degree no longer guarantees a career or even a job at all. But, I think of that fog as a positive thing. It means that there are still choices to be made, and that means that there are still options available, still more doors to try.

It might be tempting to choose one's path through university so as to avoid some of that fog at the end of it all. A narrow education would close a lot of doors and require only a very few choices to be made after graduation. A simpler path perhaps, but one which would be ill-advised. Too many people concentrate solely on getting to the end of their university career; they miss out on some of the greatest things university has to offer because they don't stop to try a few other doors along the way. More and more students come to university not for an education as such, but to earn a ticket to get a job. Those committed to one subject only, or those who do nothing but schoolwork, may get the best grades, but I doubt that they get the better education. University is more than just classrooms and study; to confine yourself to these is to close a lot of doors forever. Those who do choose this route have plainly been blinded by that light at the end of the tunnel. To graduate from university — to reach that light at the end of the tunnel — without an absolutely clear idea of what you want to do is not necessarily a bad thing. To exit the tunnel into a fog does mean more decisions have to be made, but that offers a lot more alternatives for your future.

The bright light one saw from first year was, in fact, the very same fog one sees in later years, but seen from a different perspective. To a first-year student that bright light, with its clearly defined choices and settled future, is preferable to a thick fog. To a graduating student the fog is perhaps the far better end.



photo by Svet Ljilova

The Shopper

by Catherine Russell

"You don't have to hand this one in for another two weeks," the haggard-looking administrator told him, shuffling off the topmost form of a substantial pile, all bearing Conrad Timothy Rudolph Olson's scrawling signature in triplicate. "I'll keep the rest." Conrad shoved the proffered pink and yellow and white layered form between the pages of a thick blue calendar, somehow managed to scoop up his backpack, jacket, stack of special orientation issues of no less than eight campus newspapers, his SAC brochure, his Bic pens, and his lunch in a single movement, thereby vacating the unstacked stacking chair for yet another rookie student to plow through another stack of multicoloured papers with the even more haggard-looking administrator.

Conrad certainly could have passed for your average freshman. Except for his hair, which was a little on the longish side, and his boots, which were perhaps a little over-substantial for the sixth of September, you really wouldn't suspect that this was his first time in a city of any more than 1,000 residents. This was the population of Okefenokee, Charlton county, in the state of Georgia. He had prepared himself well, and needed little orienting.

No, the thing that really set Conrad apart from his fellow-frosh was under his bed in the home of Mrs. Edith Wintersmith on Logan Ave. Just by looking at him, you couldn't tell (and this is the whole point, of course) that he had five hundred thousand dollars in one-hundred dollar bills in a big brown suitcase with a good deal of stitching coming out. Actually, at this point, there was only \$498,260.00 wrapped in a few pages of the Washington Post in the suitcase under the bed, but don't assume that it was a matter that weighed heavily on Conrad's mind. It was for necessities.

On Registration Day Conrad Timothy Rudolph Olson ate the aforementioned lunch on the Campus Green. From a somewhat crumpled brown paper bag he extricated a leg and a breast of a greasy chicken, a very big piece of unfortunately flattened cornbread, and a can of Coke. Mrs. Wintersmith knew how to whip up vittles like a Southern boy liked 'em, that's for sure. Conrad's visit finally gave her an opportunity to repay the hospitality of the lovely Mrs. Olson, proprietress of the Okefenokee Grand Hotel, where Mrs. Wintersmith had spent a number of delightful summers in her youth. It was partially understood that Conrad would be locating living quarters in the University vicinity as soon as his studies were all arranged at the university.

Browsing through the collection of informative literature he had collected in the past three hours, Conrad periodically stumbled on the phrase "shopping around", apparently used in connection with university courses. Conrad was a bright boy, and recalling a certain popular song in which a raspy-throated young woman carries on about her mother's instructions regarding the opposite sex, he construed that he was in a position to "shop around".

Now you might think that someone who was in possession of five hundred thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills stuffed into a brown leather suitcase with a good deal of the stitching coming out under a bed at the Wintersmith's place would know all about shopping. And he did. Since entering Canada, Conrad had already purchased a maple-leaf-shaped ashtray, two packs of Marlboros, a copy of the Washington Post, three Bic pens for 99¢, a Kenny Rogers tape, and various samples of Canadian fast-food. This is of course, excluding such expenses as bus tickets and tuition fees.

Although the young Olson wasn't what they call a consumer as such, having never experienced that pure and exhilarating urge to buy, the

feeling of pure purchasing power that is a fairly well-known affliction among housewives, he felt he could get into shopping. In fact it was there on the Campus Green in front of the ancient clock tower that he first admitted to himself that the education he was seeking was as yet only vaguely defined.

Conrad lit one of the Marlboros on the Campus Green and opened his calendar. He had already been through it with the academic counsellor, who had told him he'd be best off starting with first-year courses, and with the peer counsellor who had told him to do versions of courses he'd done in highschool so as to get good marks and free time, and with the foreign student counsellor who told him all about the English proficiency test and not to seriously consider taking anything at all until he'd crossed that fence. They were trying to scare him off, but Conrad was an Olson, and it would take more than a University administrator to counsel an Olson.

Fiction

He had told the young woman on the bus that he was intending to study the humanities and she had nodded her brown and yellow curls so that they all wriggled around in a shaft of the sunrise they were chatting through. "I just love the humanities," she had replied, whereupon Conrad winced then smiled as she nestled her plump pink cheek upon his shoulder and resumed her sighing and purring kind of sleep. That was not the response of the teller who had filled the bag for him at the First National Bank of Georgia. She was neither impressed nor critical of his plans for the disposal of the five hundred thousand dollars in one-hundred dollar bills, but could be more adequately described as terrified, having never seen an actual firearm before, especially not in her place of employment. Of course it was real, it had been accidentally left behind by a certain bearded gentleman from New York in the top drawer of the dresser in room 17 of the Okefenokee Grand Hotel.

Neither was it the response of his mother, who said simply that she knew the day was comin' when her one 'n' only son would feel the inevitable itchin' of feet and find the next a cramped place, and if it was the humanities he was a lookin' for, well far be it for her to stand in his way so long as he didn't ask her for nothin' she didn't have and so long as he remembered her at Christmas and so on. The gentleman with the carefully cut mustache and stiff neck on the bus

from New York to Toronto had asked with a wave of a smooth white nose, "And what sort of job do you expect to get when you're finished that?" Conrad had thought the question inappropriate, and very politely said so, at which point the gentleman gave a great sigh, and, opening his *Financial Times* said "Oh, to be so young."

Conrad lit another Marlboro on the Campus Green. He opened his calendar and took out one of his three Bic pens. By two o'clock he had compiled a list of courses that, together, would comprise his education in the humanities. Complete with times, classrooms, building locations, professors' names and enrolment instructions, Conrad's list covered three pages of his brand new spiral notebook. He had everything there, from classics to environmental studies, from Buddhism to the Sociology of Supermarkets.

The first week he attended 40 classes, and every night after a good wholesome dinner prepared with loving care by Mrs. Wintersmith, he pored over 40 course outlines and 40 reading lists.

Every class had its good points. ENG207Y, for instance, featured a petite redhead who seated herself demurely beside Conrad, her skirt somehow manged to slide up a well-tanned thigh, almost high enough. PHL116Y was held in an enormous and ancient hall lined with oil paintings of famous alumni. In REL148Y he had a seat right beside a window overlooking the Cam-

cont'd on page 8

In Search of Nothing

by Svet Lilova
with Chris Sankey

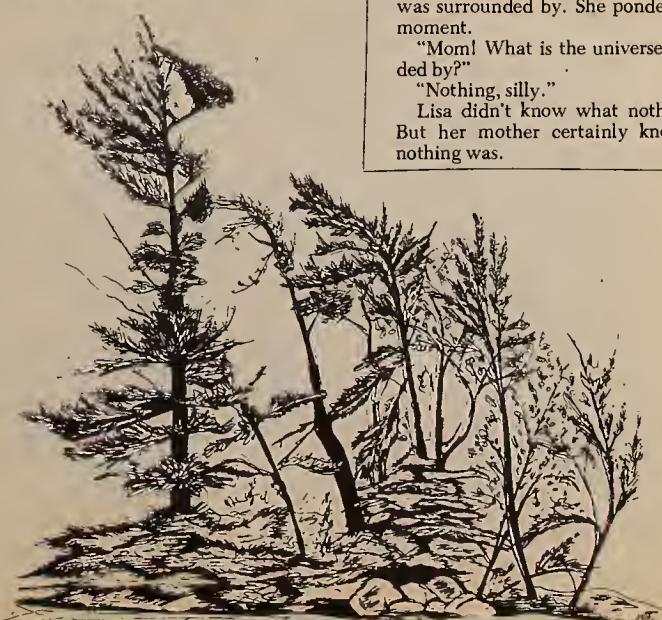
And there was Lisa. She sat one morning at the window looking at the garden. There was green in the leaves. The leaves were surrounded by branches, the branches were surrounded by limbs, the limbs were surrounded by the tree trunk, which was surrounded by earth and air, which were surrounded by animals. The animals were surrounded by people who were surrounded by the universe which was surrounded by ...?

Lisa didn't know what the universe was surrounded by. She pondered for a moment.

"Mom! What is the universe surrounded by?"

"Nothing, silly."

Lisa didn't know what nothing was. But her mother certainly knew what nothing was.



Let it all out!



Religious fervor, moral indignation, something to add to your resumé ...

Whatever motivates you to write, why not hook up with the *Innis Herald*? All writing is welcome: reviews, articles, poetry, prose, etc., as well as photographs, drawings, collages ...

Drop by Room 305 (above the Pub) or call Danielle at 978-7434.

Innis College Writing Lab

The writing lab offers you help with all aspects of your written assignments (except content), in all subjects, on all levels. To be sure of seeing a tutor, phone for an appointment.

978-4871

Mon-Fri 9:00 - 5:00

con't from page 7

pus Creen, an unceasing sea of activity affording hours of entertainment. Professor Rountree, who taught, in a manner of speaking, Introductory Latin, had many fascinating tales to tell of his exploits in the war, as well as an endless supply of chocolate mints which he passed around at regular intervals. Professor Anderson of the English Department wore a perfume unlike any Conrad had encountered before, something like roses and hay, that saturated his daydreaming with a pleasant and lazy tone. Likewise, Miss Jones had a hypnotic, deepthroated voice with which she imparted the secrets of Biology.

The second week Conrad attended 25 classes, eliminating 15 because of timetable conflicts. One day as he was preparing to leave POL106 and dash to HIS258 a tall dark girl bearing many books approached him, siddled up and touched his arm.

"You're in all my classes" she said. Her eyebrows went up in a question mark.

"Yes," he replied and looked hard at the floor. He wasn't totally unaware of the fact, but wasn't quite sure how it had come about, and was totally unprepared for such an encounter.

"My name is Diane. Are you doing Polsci too?" They had stopped walking and stood awkwardly in the corridor.

"No, Ah haven't decided yet. Ah'm just shoppin' for now," he answered, but before he could get away down the hall she grabbed his arm and was whispering in his ear.

"I have the list," she said quickly.

"What list?"

"The master list."

"Wha...?"

"You're a shopper and you don't know about the list?"

"No." Maybe she thought he was someone else.

"Do you have the cash?"

Oh shit. They'd caught up to him. She still had his arm, but he could easily make a break for it. He looked up and down the hall for an escape route. Maybe she had men stationed outside.

But after this moment of panic, Conrad remembered he was an Olson, looked her right in the eye, and said,

"What cash?"

"For the shopping list," she finally let out.

Conrad then decided she was just plain crazy, but crazy with big brown eyes, and knew nothing of the five hundred thousand dollars in one-hundred dollar bills in the suitcase loosing the stitching. She took him down to the cafeteria, bought him a coffee, and explained about the shopping list.

Classifieds

Free Offer!!

Next month, we are starting a Classifieds section. Just think of the possibilities! And they're *free!* Deadline is Monday, Sept. 27. Drop completed forms into the *Herald* mailbox (in the I.C.S.S. office) *today*.

(Please don't force us to invent them.)

Decisions on suitability of publication will be determined by the *Herald* staff on a purely arbitrary basis. But *keep it short*. Your name and phone number must be included on the form.

HERALD CLASSIFIEDS

Message: _____

Name and
phone
number*: _____

PROPOSE TO YOUR
GIRLFRIEND!

SELL YOUR CAT!

FIND YOUR LONG-LOST
TWIN!

*These are for our purposes only and will not be published unless you specify this.

Two weeks later Rudolph Timothy Olson Conrad was some two hundred miles from where we last saw him, affixing his scrawled signature to a sheaf of multicoloured forms before a bleary-eyed administrator. He selected a formidable number of interesting-looking courses from the calendar and went home to meal of black-eyed peas, dumplings and roast duck prepared with loving care by Mrs. Hartling. She could never do enough to thank the proprietress of the Okefenokee Grand Hotel, who had treated her so well all these years. After attending some 30 courses for a couple of weeks, Rudolph collected his reimbursed tuition fees from the honourable institution, stuffed it into a somewhat dilapidated leather suitcase and headed off to another honourable institution of higher learning.